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The Editors
TODAY'S TERRORISMS

John Garvey
PLURALISM PUZZLE

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DECEMBER 14, 1984

Alternative investing
CAROL COSTON

Die or say goodbye
DENNIS BERNSTEIN
& CONNIE BLITT

God-haunted O'Neill
ROBERT E. LAUDER

Christ embodied
DAVID TOOLAN

In cold bloodbath
TOM O'BRIEN

'Prince of Peace'
WILLIAM O'ROURKE

A different kind of politics

John & Pat Hume in Northern Ireland

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Correspondence

Breaking stereotypes

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: Many, many thanks to you and to Sidney and Daniel Callahan for "Breaking Through the Stereotypes," [October 5]. While the article reveals that the values each side of the abortion issue holds are life-affirming, morally responsible, and reflective of deep concerns for the unprotected and for the freedom of moral choice in a pluralistic society, no program or legislation emerges that will do justice to all the concerns. The article is so powerful in helping both sides understand one another and what is at stake that I hope it and the Callahans' book reach many persons.

JOHN M. SCOTT

Imagination & story

Park Ridge, Ill.

To the Editors: I do not disagree with a book reviewer's right to have a negative opinion regarding a book (even when I am co-author of the book), but I do think that his/her criticism should be factually correct. In addition, methodological criticisms should, at least, present an accurate account of the book's premise. Thus, while I was not disturbed by Father Robert Imbelli's negative advice on whether or not to buy *How to Save the Catholic Church* [October 19], I find it important to correct several of his misrepresentations of our position (whether this was done intentionally or the result of careless reading, I cannot say, but that they are misrepresentations should be obvious to any reader of the book).

First of all, our book deals with imagination and story, not with theology and certainly not with christology. However, we explicitly stated our support of the doctrines of the church and of the centrality of Christ as the sacrament of God and of the church as the sacrament of Christ (pp. 24, 33). Also, we did not canonize experience; rather we recognized the challenge to bring the "storytelling (experience) trajectory and theological trajectory back together" as they undoubtedly were in the times when the Catholic sensibility flourished (p. 29). Our task was to explore the storytelling trajectory. In addition, throughout the book we implicitly refer to a christological basis for our work (see for example the reference to Jesus and the womanliness of God, and Jesus and women in Chapter 8).

Secondly, since our work is a work on imagination, we maintain that the *story* which has been paradigmatic for forming a Catholic sensibility has been the Christmas story which, as we spell out, includes within it the realization of the cross and of the triumph of the resurrection (pp. 77-78). While Easter has been the elite Catholic feast (one which appeals to those who have been most concerned with the theological trajectory), Christmas has had the most popular appeal because the imaginations of the young (and of those who are young at heart) are stirred more easily by the birth of a child (with which they are familiar) than by a resurrection. Our claim has nothing to do with accepting or rejecting the cross/resurrection as the identity-defining narrative of the Christian faith; rather we hold that at the level of imagination the hopefulness of the Christmas story has been a uniquely Catholic perspective (Chapter 5).

Finally, I am not sure what Father Imbelli means by "some acute sense of the costliness of grace and its frequently countercultural implications"; but, if he means that we do not recognize the tragic possibilities of human existence, then he has misunderstood what we are about. Because we have not used the accepted liberation theology critique of culture, this does not mean that we ignore the flaws of the culture. The Catholic emphasis on the principle of subsidiarity demands, as we point out, that microstructures be reformed, not destroyed (pp. 214-224). Also, our claim that the Catholic sensibility calls us to recognize that sexuality is a means of discovering God is not supported by our culture (Chapter 7). Nor is the Catholic challenge to a married life of hopeful intimacy seen as either easy or supported by our culture (Chapter 9). That Father Imbelli ignores our discussion of women, sexuality, and marriage might perhaps reflect his lack of interest in these topics. This lack of interest is not untypical of many of the church's celibate clergy, which has led to a goodly number of the problems we refer to in the book.

In conclusion, Father Imbelli's tasteless and chauvinistic remark about the book's dedication set the tone for what was undoubtedly meant to be an insulting review. Jack Durkin is friend to both of us and lover of one of us; if he has companionship as our friend, we would consider ourselves fortunate. I, however, can manage only one lover.

MARY G. DURKIN

Glaring example

Chickasha, Okla.

To the Editors: I beg to disagree with Robert Imbelli's patronizing and superficial analysis of the Greeley/Durkin collaboration *How to Save the Catholic Church* [October 19]. It seems little more than a barely disguised hatchet job and a glaring example of the unfortunate habit of Catholic reviewers to allow name-calling and mode of questioning to simulate genuine criticism.

Andrew M. Greeley and Mary G. Durkin are Irish Americans. So what? We should respect their right to understand the Catholic experience from their own perspective. Since its beginnings, Catholicism has shown a remarkable capacity for adapting to a variety of cultural environments, allowing already existing insights to mingle with a radically new

(Continued on page 696)

Commonweal is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, Book Review Digest and Book Review Index. Microfilm from Vol. 1, 1924, to current issues available through University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106 and on Microfiche from Bell & Howell, Wooster Ohio 44691. Serials Data program No.: ISSN 0010-330. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Copyright © 1984 Commonweal Foundation.

Illustrations: Cover, John Hume & British troops, early 1970s; p. 679, John & Pat Hume, photos by Willie Carson, Derry; cover, Bas., *Tachydromos*; p. 683, Arnold Wiles; p. 690, Lupas, *Stage*, 1935.

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Commonweal, [ISSN 0010-3330] A Review of Public Affairs, Religion, Literature, and the Arts, is published biweekly, except monthly Christmas-New Year's and July and August, by Commonweal Foundation, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone: (212) MU 3-2042. Single copy, $1.25. Yearly subscriptions, U.S., $24; Canada, $26; foreign, $29. Special two-year rate: U.S., $43; Canada, $47; foreign, $53. All Canadian and foreign subscriptions must be paid in U.S. dollars by International Money Order or by check on a U.S. bank. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Commonweal, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

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TERRORISM, PURE & COMPLEX

AGAIN THIS Christmas our prayers for peace are burdened not only by the weight of nuclear weaponry but by calculated acts of terrorism as well. In one sense, terrorism is as ancient as the slaughter of women and children, the leveling of cities, the torture of prisoners. But terrorism is also a distinctly modern phenomenon, one made possible by communications systems that effectively relay the terrorists' "message." Television broadcasts can transform destructive acts into theatrical performances for millions of viewers. Modern technology creates linkages that were once beyond the imagination — plotting to bomb an embassy in Rome, for example, in order to draw attention to conflicts in Lebanon.

But perhaps one should not speak so much of terrorism as terrorisms. The plural is partly called for by the frightening array of terrorist groups and campaigns: Red Brigades in Italy, Basque and Irish and Corsican and Armenian nationalists, Shining Path guerrillas in the Andes, death squads in Central America, Palestinian and now Israeli extremists, the Islamic Holy War, Libyan hit squads . . . the list goes on. But the plural is also called for because the term has come to be applied to several different phenomena, which, alas for those preferring exact terminology, overlap in numerous ways. The pure type of terrorism involves attacks on innocent bystanders — civilians and noncombatants by any stretch of the imagination — in order to coerce government policy or gain publicity for a cause. Airplane passengers are seized, athletes are slain, synagogues are bombed. Slightly less random but no less terrifying are the kidnapping, torture, and murder of unofficial opponents of the terrorists: union leaders, independent intellectuals, popular "tribunes" like Aquino in the Philippines, or Father Popieluszko in Poland, or even the pope in Rome. Then come attacks on those somehow associated with the government or "enemy" apparatus — from village officials to police forces, from diplomatic personnel to heads of state. The assassinations of Bashir Germayel and Indira Gandhi, the bombing of South Korean officials, the attempt on the life of Margaret Thatcher and other Tory leaders in England are among the more spectacular recent examples. Here the line between "pure" terrorism and undeclared or even declared guerrilla combat or civil war becomes blurred; the one thing clear is that traditional distinctions between civilians and armed forces are no longer respected. Terrorism has also become plural in its objectives. Revolutionary terrorism aimed at overthrowing a whole political or social order in favor of some other. Nationalist or ethnic terrorism aimed at driving out a government (or a people) defined as "foreign" and illegitimate. The latest variant, state-sponsored terrorism, aims at carrying out an established state's objectives by force but without the risk of an open declaration of war.

The insidiousness of terrorism lies in its flagrant disregard for one of the foundation stones of civilization — law. Legality, however, takes on a dubious meaning in the case of all too many contemporary states. Leszek Kolakowski, writing in a

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Harper's forum on terrorism, reminds us that "the worst atrocities committed by the Soviet government against its own people, including the genocide during Stalin's regime, have been for the most part entirely legal." We must, he says, distinguish between what is a violent struggle against despotism and what is terrorism "aimed at the destruction of democratic institutions." Yet there are real difficulties in attributing legitimacy to numerous governments.

The insidiousness of terrorism lies equally in the fact that it is an attack on *politics* — on the whole process of public mobilization, deliberation, appeals to reason and affection, and in many cases resort to the ballot, that allows the messy but peaceful resolution of differences. Again and again, terrorists strike in situations where the political realm, however recalcitrant, does offer possibilities — which the terrorists, damning such political efforts as illusion and betrayal, want to foreclose. The IRA attempt to murder Margaret Thatcher is a case in point. So are the Basque ETA killings in Spain, and the silencing of voices for moderation in the PLO.

Terrorism is an attack on politics in another sense. Terrorism threatens chaos; it breeds suspicion. Secretive and choosing its targets virtually anywhere, it creates not only the need for embassies to "hunker down" defensively all over the world, but for open societies to sap their own civil liberties through extensive security measures, or even to undermine their own moral credibility by adopting the terrorists' standards. That was the drop of poison in the heart of Secretary of State Shultz's trial balloon about counter-terrorist retaliation.

But what, outside of tightened security, can in truth be done? Responding to Shultz, the *New York Times* suggested that countries be willing to "close embassies, deny landing rights, freeze assets, or impose any other concerted sanctions," when assaulted by terrorists. Similarly, The *New Republic* envisions an alliance of nations that would sign a Terror Defense Treaty which, when violated, would merit "stiff and joint sanctions." In the event that economic sanctions prove insufficient, military retaliation might be necessary. Military intelligence should pinpoint guilty parites. Indiscriminate violence is not justified even against terrorists, let alone those who might be supposed to be their sympathizers.

Obviously, such an initiative would have to rest on an international consensus. And obviously such an initiative would be most effective primarily against state-sponsored or state-assisted terrorism. Unfortunately, such terrorism is often not as clearcut as some pretend. Here we enter the murky waters of intelligence and covert operations, which seem naturally to foster a mentality disdainful of the moral distinctions that have been maintained even by warfare, and which spawn activities they cannot control. How are we to respond, for instance, to the CIA training manual for anti-Sandinista guerrillas? How do we view the production by our government of instructions on assassination, the use of criminals as mercenaries, and the murder of other guerrillas to create martyrs? The world does need an alliance against terrorism, and we are compelled by the ever-lengthening litany of victims not to practice ourselves what we deplore in others.

Refugees

DIE OR SAY GOODBYE

SALVADORANS ON THE RUN

"WHAT I HAVE DONE is completely legal under the terms of the Geneva Convention," remarked Jack Elder, Vietnam veteran and former Peace Corps volunteer. Elder, who now directs Casa Oscar Romero in southern Texas, is facing a prison term of up to fifteen years and a fine of six thousand dollars on charges of aiding "illegal aliens," mostly Salvadorans. Elder contends that these people fleeing an armed conflict must be considered "refugees," and hence entitled to shelter. "If our government denies the refugees this protection, then I have the right as a civilian to step in."

Jack Elder is one of an estimated 50,000 Americans who are risking felony charges in order to provide shelter for a small portion of the hundreds of thousands of undocumented Central Americans now living in the United States. The stories which Elder and others hear regularly from these refugees are ones of horror and loss. "An eleven-year-old boy came over to the house one day," Elder recalled, "and sat down next to me. We began to talk. He calmly told me that his teacher had been decapitated outside the schoolhouse; her head was barely hanging on by the threads."

Many Americans have voiced concern over the amount of violence children witness daily on television. But what about the youth of El Salvador? At age fourteen Maria witnessed the brutal murder of her parents by unidentified men who broke into the family's home in the middle of the night. Two years later she was in a public bathroom in San Salvador when security police arrested her. She described the conditions of her imprisonment. Torture was an everyday occurence: "They dripped acid on our hands. We were given electric shocks on our stomachs, behind our ears, and everywhere else imaginable."

After nearly three years in captivity, Maria was freed during a Salvadoran government amnesty program. "I was released with a group of friends and we were immediately hunted by the death squads. Several days after they let us go, two of my friends were found dead." Maria fled the country soon afterwards for fear she would be next. Now in the United States, Maria is afraid she will be discovered by the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) and deported to El Salvador.

Her fears are not unfounded. Attorney Carol Wolchok of the American Civil Liberties Union's Political Asylum Project has documented a number of cases in which Salvadorans who were forced to return to their homeland have disappeared or been killed outright. According to Wolchok, a deportee who reenters El Salvador is a marked person. At the airport, he or she is taken to a special registration with officials. Some returning

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refugees, such as Jose Humberto Santacruz, never get beyond the airport. Santacruz's grandmother, in a letter to the Salvadoran Minister of Justice and Public Safety, asserts that her grandson was deported from the United States, and Customs records show that he arrived in San Salvador, but he has not been seen since.

Many of the returning young men are considered to be deserters since they have fled the forced recruitment of the Salvadoran army or, in some cases, the guerrillas. Luis Antonio Garcia was walking out of a movie theater one Sunday afternoon when government soldiers pulled him and a random assortment of other passers-by into a waiting pick-up truck. He was trained and sent into military duty. Luis and his brother Walter were able to escape from the army and find their way north to the United States. But before long, the INS discovered Walter and sent him back to El Salvador. Soon after his return, his body was discovered by the side of the road, marked by bullet wounds and signs of strangulation. Despite this and other cases well-documented by the ACLU, Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights Elliott Abrams continues to assure members of Congress that Salvadorans who are deported have nothing to fear.

Although newly elected President Napoleon Duarte has made a genuine effort to meet with the families of the disappeared, and death squad activity has to some degree been curtailed, the violence in El Salvador continues. President Duarte himself became the object of renewed death threats by the Secret Anti-Communist League upon announcing his intentions to hold talks with the guerrillas.

The Salvadorans are rapidly becoming a people without a homeland. Even those not specifically targeted for death, live amid great risks. Instead of punishing further the peasants who have already suffered great trauma, as well as those good Americans willing to risk their security and comfort for others in desperate need, why not grant the Salvadorans and other Central American refugees Extended Voluntary Departure status? Presently enjoyed by Ethiopians, Poles, Lebanese, Ugandans, and Afghanis, this status grants refugees permission to stay in the United States until such time as it is safe to return to their homeland. This gesture would support the recent call by both sides of the conflict in El Salvador to "humanize the war" and would fulfill our country's obligations under the Geneva Convention, as well as our duty as a spiritual and moral people to protect those fleeing war and persecution.

DENNIS BERNSTEIN AND CONNIE BLITT

(Dennis Bernstein is a free-lance writer and radio journalist. His "The Road from Hiroshima" on National Public Radio was recently awarded the Colorado Art of Peace Award. Connie Blitt is an independent film and video producer.)

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

THE PLURALISM PUZZLE

WHEN OUR DEEPEST BELIEFS HAVE TO SURFACE

"THERE IS NO LIFE without prayer," says the Russian philosopher Vasilii Rozanov. "Without prayer there is only madness and horror."

"That's your opinion; you're entitled to it," says our secular society.

The problem a believer faces is that belief has been made a subjective thing in a pluralistic society. Someone who tries to base his or her life on the conviction that we are called into being by what Dante called "the love which moves the sun and other stars" is faced with a system which necessarily regards this as one of many opinions, and can regard it as no more than that. Secularism has at one and the same time freed belief, and limited its shared meaning. Belief is no longer attached to respectability, or to political power, and this is as it should be. It is a good thing that the only good reason to be a believer today is because you believe. And this freedom has forced Christians to see the dark side of much Christian history. The dark side of the form of Christianity which allied itself with power was what happened to Jews and heretics and those whose politics or religion (sometimes the two were inextricably bound together) conflicted with the politics of the empire or the "Christian nation." Secularism was in part a reaction against religion's dark side, the equation of Christianity with citizenship, and it freed Christianity.

The most moving accounts of modern Christianity have come not from places of power but rather from places where power has been stripped from people, from poor nations where some Christians have thrown in their lot with the poor, or from Soviet labor camps where people suffer for their beliefs, or from Nazi concentration camps. In its loss of power this form of Christianity has learned something about what really sustains human beings. Where it attempts to gain power or to make good things happen through force it moves away from the possibility of this learning. Christianity's loss of power must not be seen as a punishment for past sins, as if good deeds would have been rewarded with more power, but as a part of the Christian vocation.

Although secularism has freed Christianity, it contains partially realized and as yet unrealized dangers. Secular humanism is a Promethean religion in which the human control of the universe and the ultimate value of human choice are affirmed as the highest goods. The affirmation of the importance of human freedom has been a good thing, and the Enlightenment ideal of the "rights of man" is one of the finest things which has happened to the human race. But

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secularism's anthropocentric idolatry and its assumption that spirituality is finally irrelevant are dangerous. A pluralistic society works very well, where day-to-day decisions are involved. The great problem of pluralism is that there are some abolutely essential questions with which pluralism cannot deal; or rather, in dealing with them it will impose the dark side of secularism.

Some of the most important questions we face cannot be answered within the only framework we have given ourselves for answering them, the legalistic and political one. These major questions involve our image of humanity: What is the human race for? What sort of creature, with what sort of destiny, is a human being? Questions of this sort are usually considered to be politically irrelevant, in that they involve matters which we have agreed to leave out of the democratic political process. The Ayatollah has very clear and definite answers to those questions, and we do not envy Iran. The problem is that some of our most important public problems do involve the way we regard these questions, and the decisions which are made about them reflect systems of belief, whether those beliefs are explicitly acknowledged or not.

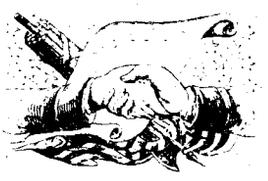
A couple of cases in point are the debates over capital punishment and abortion. Contrary to the claims of many prolifers, abortion is a profoundly religious issue. They are right to argue that it is not a denominational one, though denominations obviously have a place in the debate. (Catholics tend to be pro-life; Unitarians tend to be pro-choice.) I have pointed out elsewhere that it comes down to the question of where you believe human value comes from. If it is intrinsic, if human life is important simply by virtue of the fact that it exists, you imply that value is given. It is there, whatever anyone thinks of it. But if life's value is not given solely by human beings, it has an other-than-human source. A given value implies a giver — a divine one. If on the other hand you believe that values are a human symptom, then the value of a human life depends upon its being welcomed by the human community; if you believe that human beings are the ultimate source of value and valuing, then

In keeping with its usual holiday practice, *Commonweal* will not publish an issue during the Christmas-New Year's season. The next issue will be dated January 11, 1985.

the morality of abortion or capital punishment shifts. It does make sense to say that whether or not the life in the womb is human, it is not a person in any interesting sense of the word until it is the sort of being to whom others can meaningfully relate. If there is no divine giver or value, if what matters ultimately is the way we regard one another and all value is to be found in that mutual regarding, the pro-choice position makes absolutely good sense. This latter point of view is a secular one and cannot be accepted by believers, just as the belief that values have a more than human source cannot finally be accepted by secular people.

I do not mean to imply that we are all consistent here. Many opponents of abortion are advocates of capital punishment, and many proponents of abortion on demand are opposed to the death penalty. The social attitudes of believers are not, unfortunately, always consistent with their beliefs; the same thing is true, fortunately, of secular humanists. What is important here is to see that what we believe about the nature of human life does in fact have a social importance.

At the international level there is a similar problem. The future of the human race has been tied to the nation-state in an obscene way. In order to insure the survival of particular governments and ideologies, we have given ourselves the ability to destroy every human life. Today's mood has been compared to the mood of Europe during the time of the bubonic plague; but there is an added insanity here, as if Damocles were holding the sword by a thread over his own head. Here the problem is that we have no clear sense of human sacredness, and even the best secular ideas are violated.



We are building a very fragile bridge across a chasm which may not have a far side. The only apparent value is that whoever has power now has assumed the right to do absolutely anything to hold onto it.

The problem believers face is that where solutions are imposed in a pluralistic society they are likely to be imposed with a bias towards secularism. One way to oppose this is, of course, to meet power with power. But it might be more effective to reveal, as much as possible, the religious nature of secular humanism, and the ways in which our values form our approaches to social questions. Religious and philosophical questions are, at some crucial points, central to political considerations. They are whether we like that fact or not. The denial of this reality reminds me of a wonderful line from the movie *Atlantic City*. An empty-headed young woman is talking about her view of life. "I don't believe in gravity," she says.

JOHN GARVEY

POSTSCRIPT: **Recently I became a member of the Orthodox church.** I believe it is right to let readers of this column know about this, so that you will at least know the perspective from which I write. Becoming Orthodox was the result of some twenty-one years of moving in that direction. When I first discovered Orthodoxy I found that I had no doctrinal disagreements with it, whereas I did with Catholicism, as profoundly good and sustaining as Catholicism was (and is); over the years I found in Orthodox spirituality and liturgy something which I could find nowhere else, something I need. The Orthodox church is not without institutional problems — those problems kept me from joining for a long time. But after years of feeling that it was right for me to remain Catholic and take what I could from Orthodoxy, I realized that I had to be in communion with the Orthodox church. This was not a matter of leaving Catholicism, which I love, but a matter of becoming Orthodox. If it were not for the existence of Orthodoxy I would gladly remain a Catholic until death. My column here will continue, but the editors and I agreed that you should know about this.

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JOHN & PAT HUME—LIVING FOR IRELAND

A different kind of politics

MARY PAT KELLY

FOR ME THE STORY of John Hume's June 1984 campaign for reelection to the European Parliament for Northern Ireland began in 1977. I was working for ABC's "Good Morning, America" and Hume had been invited to debate on the show. He was then Deputy Leader of the Social Democratic and Labor Party (SDLP) of Northern Ireland, a party formed by Catholic civil rights activists committed to creating a United Ireland through political and constitutional means. Hume had led marches, sit-ins, and nonviolent demonstrations in his home city of Derry in the late sixties and early seventies to protest discrimination against Catholics in housing, employment, and voting rights. I called Hume knowing that his supporters were eager for him to get exposure in the U.S. media; but when I explained the brief, confrontational character of our TV "debate," Hume refused the invitation. The issues of Northern Ireland were just too complicated to fit into a black-and-white, yes-or-no format, he explained.

I was impressed — impressed enough to follow Hume's career for the next seven years, including his 1981 election to a seat he still holds in the British Parliament. Last June I went to Northern Ireland to observe the 1984 Europe Parliament election firsthand.

"You want Cityside or Waterside?" the taxi driver asked.

"What?"

"Protestant — Waterside; or Catholic — Cityside?"

Later I learned the division wasn't absolute. Some Catholics lived south of the bridge — waterside — and there was a Protestant enclave cityside, but generally the Fayle River kept the two communities apart. The SDLP headquarters were cityside in the Strand Road. A huge Sinn Fein banner stretched across this main shopping street picturing the face of their candidate, Danny Morrison, under the slogan "One Country, One People." When I later asked why there was no Hume banner and not more Hume posters I was told, "The other side takes them down." SDLP posters routinely disappeared or were plastered over by Sinn Fein or the Unionists. Sinn Fein posters often were removed by Paisleyites. And so it went.

The SDLP headquarters, like the other shops in the vicinity, had plywood windows because of two separate arson attacks. "Excuse me miss," a man of about sixty said after I had entered the office, "could we put your bag in the back? Someone see it sitting there like that they'll think it's a bomb."

"Of course," I said. "I'm here to do a story on John Hume and the election. I would like to see Pat Hume." (I had been told that John Hume was in Belfast and that his wife Pat ran his office in Derry.) "Well, here's Pat now," the man said. "We're about to go canvassing."

Pat Hume arrived, classically pretty — without make-up, pretense, or nonsense. "How are ye?" she said in the universal Derry greeting. Without any more preliminaries, we got in the car with three other women, veteran SDLP workers. "We're going to the public housing estates of Gallaigh, Shantallah, and Cairn Hill. Might be a wee bit rough," said Pat. "Last year we had stones thrown at us."

"Oh, are these Protestant areas?" I sa hey laughed. "No, lassie, all Catholic. But Sinn Fein is busy there, and some of the wee fellas think throwing a stone's a great political act."

John Hume's campaign in Derry was managed by Berna McIver, a teacher and mother of four teenagers. Every canvassing and poll-watching team I was to observe was at least 50 percent female, a fact which significantly influenced the tone of the campaign. (When one young man in Gallaigh launched a verbal attack on a woman canvasser, she totally disarmed him by saying, "Ach, a *good looking* young fella like you with Sinn Fein? Who would reckon it?") Phil Coulter, in his song "The Town I Love So Well," sings of the factory horns that summon Derry's women to work while the men on the dole stay home with the children. The habit of switching roles seems ingrained. As we entered the Gallaigh public housing estate I saw a young man wheel a stroller down the sidewalk. At one house we canvassed a little girl opened the door to

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reveal her young father vacuuming. He was slightly embarrassed until Pat Hume said, "Wouldn't want to interrupt a Derry man working!" He laughed. Certainly the toll unemployment takes on the male sense of self-worth is deplorable. Still, the competence and authority in Derry women is an impressive silver lining.

At one house we canvassed a pregnant woman answered the door. Her due date was June 14, and she was concerned that while she was in the hospital her vote might be stolen. "In the 1983 Westminister election," Pat Hume explained, "personation was a big problem." "Personation" involves going to a polling station, giving the name of someone you either know wouldn't vote, or hadn't voted yet, and taking his or her vote. Since no identification is required, and the polling cards, mailed to each registered voter, could be easily stolen or explained away, it was easy to do. Representatives from each party are allowed to ask election officials at the polling place to challenge a suspected voter. If it is proved that deception is involved, the person can be arrested. But, Pat Hume explained, it is hard to know whom to challenge, and most of the time the challenged person would simply leave.

The women went over possible ways of protecting this mother-to-be's vote. Finally it was decided: "vote early and have the baby after the election."

During the canvassing, a sense emerged for me of what division really means within that small Catholic community. Sinn Fein is not made up of ogres, but of the cousins, nephews, and friends of the SLDP. Yet here in Gallaigh a ten-year-old took a John Hume leaflet, tore it up in front of us, and spit on a forty-year-old woman who was probably a relative.

It also became apparent to me that most of those seventeen and under in Derry do not remember a time before the troubles. I thought of this as I walked with Maureen Hume, the Humes' ten-year-old daughter. "I'd be afraid to live in New York," she said. This little girl has survived a petrol bomb attack on her house, and daily has had to walk by graffiti that call her dad a traitor. But the threat of violence that hangs over Derry seems not unlike a New York subway when a group of menacing teenagers strides through the cars. In both instances there is the sense of young men coming of age without the hope of a future.

This cloud of violence hangs over the young women as well. "When you're fifteen and sixteen," a twenty-six-year-old woman explained, "it seems excitin' to be for the Provos. But when ye see a mate killed or sent off to prison — it's another thing again. My pal was eighteen when she carried a bit of something for her boyfriend. Turned out to be part of a weapon. She's been in Armagh prison for eight years, and has no idea when she'll get out. Seeing somethin' like that'll scare a bit of sense into ye. I'm against violence because it's us that suffer most from it."

The day after canvassing with Pat Hume, I joined her at the Advice Center she runs, and saw how much fierce courage a decision for sanity requires in war-torn Northern Ireland. The office, funded partly by money from the European Economic Community, runs on a budget of $18,000 a year. This pays the rent, telephone, office expense, and small salaries to Pat Hume, Mark Durkan, and the secretary-receptionist. Pat Hume acts as a power broker for the local poor. This day the problems ranged from those of a woman who wanted the cupboard doors on her public housing unit repaired to the concerns of a man whose son had been taken from the house at 4 A.M. by police and jailed under "Section 11" which allows for arrest and detention for seventy-two hours with no warrant or explanation. At the office, appointments aren't necessary. Names needn't be given. The line of wooden chairs, filled by 9 A.M., does not empty until 7 P.M. at the earliest.

Before opening this center Pat Hume taught school for twenty years. From the time her husband gave up his teaching post for politics in 1969 until his election to the European Parliament in 1979, her salary provided the family's main support. Even now there's no evidence of extra money in the way the family lives. When asked if she regrets their political involvement, she looks surprised.

The mayor of Derry, John Tierney, enters. Before his election to the city council, Tierney, thirty-one, like 54 percent of the male population of Derry, was unemployed. Handsome and humorous with a vivacious blonde wife and three angelic-faced children, Tierney is any local American political party's dream candidate. Yet Tierney had to be dragged into politics. He was from the Bogside, not highly educated, the kind of guy who in New York might work construction and play centerfield on the neighborhood bar's softball team. Here he was being asked to assume the robes and solid gold chain of office of the Mayor of Derry. How could he preside over the historic Guildhall and sit in "the Mayor's" parlor? For nearly 300 years this had been the turf of the Protestant elite. You must be jokin'! "We convinced him," a city council member said. "He took office and after two days you'd think he was born the Lord Mayor of Derry."

But in the Center at this moment John Tierney is feeling the drawbacks of being a man of the people. Cardinal O'Fiaich is coming to preside over a celebration in the Creggan parish church on June 17, and the people want to spruce up their fences and gates. The Lord Mayor has promised paint. Where is it?

Meanwhile Pat Hume is working on the case of the young man held in custody. She has spoken to the RUC (Royal Ulster Constabulary) officer who said they had the boy but no one could see him. "Well," replies Pat Hume, "I will continue to monitor the situation." Now the father is on the phone. She tells him that perhaps later that evening a visit might be arranged. Where can she reach him later? He says that he has no telephone. Where is he calling from now? The house next door. Well, she will call him there. "And who is your neighbor?" she asks. Pause. "Sounds like a question from the catechism!" She laughs. He laughs, and in that moment sanity returns. The nightmare of a son snatched away recedes, and hope reappears.

Pat Hume canvassed the Bogside that night. She cooked a 2 A.M. meal for John Hume and six party workers, and was back in the office at 9 A.M. As her husband faced his greatest

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political challenge, she continued to help people get delayed Social Security payments, fill out housing applications, obtain educational grants, and kept "monitoring" one young man's internment. At 6 P.M. she called the neighbor. The young man was free.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12, I joined John Hume and his canvassing team for the day. His staff consisted of a twenty-nine-year-old cousin who'd driven him throughout his entire 7,000 mile campaign through the North, and another relative, a man of twenty-five with an unending supply of jokes. He could also become a grave fifty if the occasion demanded. On meeting a widow: "Ah, but you had him for sixty-seven years. There's not many can say that."

"We'll pass Ian Paisley's church today," John Hume said. It was raining. Good for the farmers. Most of the large cattle farms we passed were Protestant-owned. We stopped at a cattle auction. Most of those attending were Unionist. Hume wanted to talk to them. He was received good naturedly. "Buy a heifer," said the auctioneer, "and we'll all vote for ye." Then an English TV crew filming for German television appeared, and with them a red-faced farmer who began harassing Hume. "It never fails," said Hume's driver philosophically. "There's always somebody wants to be on the telly. Happened all during the campaign."

I asked Hume whether the government provided candidates with some kind of security protection. He replied that the other candidates did have government protection, but that he refused it. "If you're committed to nonviolence," he said, "you must go all the way with it."

That afternoon and evening we toured small villages and housing estates. Dozens of children raced along the cars shouting for the campaign stickers, plastering themselves front and back with green, red, and white circles.

But some junior Sinn Feiners took exception. Near Newtown Butler four boys approached a little girl and pulled the stickers off her shirt. Unfazed, she asked for more and replastered herself. Again the older boys ripped them off. On one level it was a children's game, on another, it was very ugly. John Hume was inside with the parish priest. His driver and aide waited. Should they intervene? But then one of the young boys said to his friends, "Don't bully the wee girl. Tearing up stickers won't stop votes." The tense game ended.

Later in a nearby housing estate a ten-year-old girl told me, "In school some boys say 'Who's voting for Sinn Fein?' If you don't raise your hand they take your crisps (potato chips). But I *don't* raise mine just the same. I'm against killing." That night, at 11 P.M., John Hume headed back to Derry through a light drizzle and fog.

It was still raining on Wednesday when John Hume canvassed Derry. He spoke to some punkers who stood on the corner near a large Danny Morrison poster. One young man, with a Sinn Fein sticker, wore a leather jacket and had three bleached white plumes of hair sticking up from a shaved skull. Hume told him, "I'm asking for reelection to the European Parliament to bring more EEC money to Derry for jobs and housing. Have you seen the new bridge over the Foyle? EEC money built that." But the boy was in his own world. "Sinn Fein, Sinn Fein," he responded. Morrison's campaign slogan was "One country, one people." Paisley's: "Smash Sinn Fein, Reject Republicanism." But Hume's posters read: "Strength in Europe."

Hume told me, "You know, this is a European election, to the European Parliament. In Northern Ireland there is a tendency to fight every election on the same basic issue. But I fight elections on what they are about.

"In the last European election I walked through the streets of Belfast canvassing. The conditions in West Belfast were so appalling that I stopped. I said to my colleague, I'm not going any further, I'm ashamed to ask these people for their vote. Nobody's ever done anything for them. They're all very good

ON MONDAY November 19, at a press conference following the Irish-English summit meeting, British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher departed from the purposely bland language of the mutually agreed upon official communique to lash out at the proposal for progress in Northern Ireland offered by the New Ireland Forum. With one blow Thatcher dismissed all three options for cooperation worked out during two years of negotiations. She refused to acknowledge the dire situation of the nationalist population saying she "detected no alienation in Northern Ireland."

A shocked Irish Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald called her statements "gratuitiously offensive." On Tuesday, November 20, John Hume rose to tell Thatcher that by again placing all power in the hands of the unionist population, she had paralyzed hope for progress and thwarted the will of all in Britain and Ireland who desperately hoped for an end to the violence.

Thatcher refused to respond to Hume's point. Instead she chided him, saying that she had "hoped for cooperation from the Northern Irish politicians, and what the honorable gentleman says does not give me much hope."

During the following week Hume continued to challenge the Thatcher government until finally during the debate on Gibralter, Hume pointed out how much more flexible England was in dealing with Spain than she was toward Ireland; Tory MPs shouted him down. He persisted. He was then ruled out of order and accused of "abusing this body." Hume replied: "This body has been abusing us for centuries."

When I reached Hume in Derry on Sunday November 25, he said, "The Thatcher government seems to have neither the comprehension, the competence, nor the compulsion needed to achieve political progress in Northern Ireland." When asked how he and the SDLP managed to remain determined Hume replied: "When you've been raised in your bare feet you don't get pneumonia in the snow."

MARY PAT KELLY

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people and many of them will vote for me, but I'm not going to ask them more. I'll come back when I've done something for them! So I went to Europe and I delivered 63 million pounds for housing improvement for Belfast. Then I could ask for their vote." Thursday would tell how well Hume's strategy had worked.

THE THREAT of violence hung in the air on voting day. Inside every polling station six RUC men stood armed with machine guns and dressed in flack jackets. Since most of the polling places were primary schools, there was a terrible contrast between the heavily armed guards and the brightly colored children's paintings on the walls.

At Steeltown school a gang of young boys threw stones at the SDLP sound car. In Newbuildings housing estate, a stone hit. "Those were Unionist," the driver said.

A twenty-two-year-old SDLP worker from Gobnascall, working as a poll-watcher in the Waterside, challenged a woman voter he'd seen at the polls twice already. Her male companion told him if he challenged any more his brains would be blown out. At the Slievemore school the SDLP poll-watcher was given a black-rimmed Mass card with his name on it. A Mass would be said for the repose of his soul if he challenged too many voters.

I watched the people. Their determination to vote was obvious. One woman who had delivered a premature baby two weeks before had left it in the hospital nursery to cast her ballot. Very old people on walkers shuffled past the guards. No one spoke above a whisper. Later, at the St. Joseph primary school, where I delivered tea, a woman of sixty started crying when told her vote and the votes of her family were gone. "I am so angry," she said. "So angry."

At 9:45 P.M. a call was received at the SDLP office. Mayor John Tierney, poll-watching at St. Eugene's school, was surrounded by a gang of young Sinn Fein supporters. They might attack him at 10 P.M. when the polls closed. Tierney managed to diffuse the situation enough to saunter to a car waiting to take him to his office in the Guildhall. "Does the f . . . ing mayor of New York have to go through this?" he asked.

When Hume and the SDLP forces gathered after the polls closed at the mayor's office, spirits were high. It had been worse the year before when army trucks had to escort poll watchers home. But at 10:30 this election night, when summer darkness finally settled on the city, flashes of fire marked the explosions of petrol bombs. Bands of teenagers in ski masks with armorlite rifles were seen on Derry's city streets, and the army fired real bullets into a crowd. By midnight the violence ended. The election was finally over.

THE FOLLOWING day I interviewed John Hume, who spoke at length about his life and work.

"I was born in Derry, the eldest of seven children. My father was unemployed for twenty years. During World War II he worked in a shipyard, but after the war he was out of work. He never worked again and he died in 1967. It was very difficult for Catholics to get jobs, and he had a mind of his own. But he kept encouraging me to break through. The whole thing was education, getting yourself educated. He ran a personal advice center for half of the town in our house. My father would write letters for them to officialdom to get them their rights, their benefits.

"My mother was a well-known personality in the city. She worked for a shirt factory. She got huge bundles of shirts and would work all night. She would be at home all day with the family, and then at night when the family was in bed she'd do this to earn money.

"I grew up in a very Catholic atmosphere. I had a very strong sense of spirituality and I felt it natural that I should be a priest. I went to the seminary, but after three years realized it wasn't the life for me. I became a teacher and taught French and history at St. Colum's College.

"I got involved in Self-Help. The first self-help group that I started was inspired by my mother and her sisters. They had a system in Derry: when my mother wanted to buy clothes she would get a ticket. . . . But while she would get goods worth eight pounds she would pay back ten pounds — two pounds interest. I noticed that my mother was paying back so much a week and her sisters were paying back so much a week, and if they put it all together every three weeks they would have a substantial amount of cash that they could be using for themselves. So I applied that principle to the community as a whole, and in 1960 we formed a credit department. Today there are twelve thousand members in that credit union. It's spread all over Ireland. From there we moved into housing. . . .

"When the civil rights movement broke the voting system here I decided that the movement should be taken off the streets and into politics. We had won the battle for political means of change. Tragically, at the same time the IRA decided this was the time to strike. I believe that one of the great opportunities of history was lost to really solve our problems by nonviolent methods. In the civil rights movement I was myself beaten. I was dragged through the streets by British soldiers. But I never believed in retaliation, because once you use a method of the person that you believe to be your enemy you reduce yourself to that level. The civil rights movement had exposed the desperate injustices that Northern Ireland is built upon. But now one side is as bad as the other. Unless there's a dramatic initiative from the British government the situation here will deteriorate further.

"You see, there's this historic, romantic Irish thing that the only way that you can solve the Irish problem is by spilling blood, the sacrifice syndrome. I say Ireland is a country to live for, not die for. I don't want the young people dying for Ireland, I want them to live for it.

"In 1968 when I went in the streets for civil rights I had no intention of getting into politics. I wanted jobs and voting rights. The business people, Unionists, controlled the town through a system of multiple voting. Fifteen years later we broke the Unionist power. In terms of housing, Derry has been totally rebuilt in the last ten years. . . . We have voting rights through proportional representation which is as fair as possible a system of voting. . . . One area we have not succeeded in is

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jobs. In 1975 the Provos shot dead the head of Du Pont, which is the biggest employer in the city, in order to stop any investment coming in. The sufferers are the young people. We have the highest degree of unemployment in Western Europe. Bombing doesn't provide jobs for them. We have lost through violence in Northern Ireland £11 billion that could have built a quarter of a million houses, twenty hospitals, and numberous factories.

"The solution is an accommodation of differences. The differences that exist aren't any deeper in fact than those that exist in many parts of the world. The U.S. has a constitution which accommodates differences that go far beyond anything in this country. What we need to do here is to devise a constitutional framework that allows people to be what they are and at the same time to work with one another.

"Now for the first time since the 1920 civil war all the democratic parties that believe in Irish unity have gotten together in the New Ireland Forum. What we in Ireland have to learn is that unity can only come by accepting diversity. And that those in the United States who think it's a simple problem of driving the British out of Ireland and then all will be well ought to realize: any solution that doesn't leave behind a peaceful Ireland isn't a solution at all."

Soon after noon on Tuesday, June 18, John Hume was reelected to the European Parliament. That night over 500 SDLP supporters came to celebrate at Derry's Guildhall. On the old wooden floor dancers from ten-years-old to ninety-three jammed together doing everything from the twist to the hokey pokey. At 10 P.M. John and Pat Hume arrived. Now the crowd quieted. John Hume praised them for their support and called up to the stage those who had done particularly difficult jobs.

John Hume took his wife's hand and began in a strong tenor voice, "We Shall Overcome." The crowd linked arms and joined in. Earlier in the evening John Hume had said to me, "Pat is an extraordinary person. I don't think she realizes how much I depend on her. She is my life's blood. Without her I couldn't go on." Then seeing me taking a note he said, "Don't write that. It sounds too . . . too sentimental. Just put what you observe." So I just observed them up there singing with the crowd. "We'll walk hand in hand, We'll walk hand in hand today. Oh deep in my heart I do believe. . . ."

SELF-RELIANCE, LOCAL CONTROL, WORKER OWNERSHIP

A positive alternative for religious investors

CAROL COSTON

IN 1971, the Episcopal church filed a path-breaking shareholder resolution calling on General Motors to cease its operations in South Africa. It was the first such resolution sponsored by a religious investor. Thirteen years later, hundreds of similar resolutions have been filed by a wide variety of religious groups intent on acting responsibly in their investments. Last year, 118 church shareholder resolutions were filed with 85 major U.S. companies. In 1984, discussions with management and filed resolutions cover issues from military contracts to minority economic development; from arms sales to South Africa to boycotting coffee from Central American countries with records of human rights violations. Many of these religious investors belong to the New York-based Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility (ICCR) which represents 17 Protestant denominations and 170 Catholic communities, predominantly women religious.

Over the past thirteen years, ICCR shareholder activities have precipitated a variety of changes in corporate policy. They have increased public attention on the activities of multinationals, and encouraged other religious institutions to monitor their investments. But even these achievements have proven less than satisfactory. Religious investors have experienced frustration in dealing with corporate executives, and speeches given at annual meetings have often proven little more than symbolic exhortations. Basic corporate structures have remained unchanged, often with negative effects on the lives of workers, the environment, and third-world economic growth. Today, these religious groups continue to focus public attention on corporate activities. But they also desire to create something more positive with their investments. They are paying increased attention to alternate forms of investment, to long-term loan projects which emphasize self-reliance, local control, and workers' participation in decision-making and profits.

In the early 1970s, a lack of formal policy objectives for alternative investments among investing religious groups resulted in a high instance of defaults. A consequent slackening of interest in such ventures followed. But based on two 1982 ICCR reports, denominations and religious orders now have developed policy statements and criteria for loan applicants

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which have revived interest in these programs. These policies specify in general that the enterprise being considered for investment should embody several of the following criteria:

1. Have a proven financial responsibility, or in the case of new projects have such potential (many groups rely on staff recommendations).
2. Show a concern for racial, sexual, and economic justice in personnel policies and practices.
3. Produce products or services that are socially useful and ecologically sound.
4. Create opportunities for worker ownership or worker management.
5. Generate jobs for local residents.
6. Show capacity for cooperative decision-making and alternatives to traditional problem-solving.
7. Promote peace and non-nuclear energy alternatives.
8. Demonstrate an inability to obtain funding elsewhere; particularly if due to a radical or progressive commitment to social change which threatens the status quo.
9. Address the root causes of social and economic problems or demonstrate an innovative approach to social change.
10. Be non-exploitative in their operations both domestically and in the implications for third-world countries.

The amount of money groups have earmarked for alternatives has varied, as have the expected rates of return. Some use a percentage of their total portfolio — from 1-10 percent; others have a fixed amount set by their general assembly or elected officials. The amounts made public range from $800 all the way up to $6 million.

Many groups made alternative investments first in locally-based credit unions with insured deposits, and strictly monitored loan applications. The South Shore Bank in Chicago offered similar guarantees and advantages. Purchased in 1973 by the Illinois Neighborhood Development Corporation (INDC) "to demonstrate that an inner city commercial bank could both succeed in the marketplace and develop its neighborhood," South Shore is located in and committed to a 95 percent black neighborhood in the process of redevelopment and revitalization. It has advanced $39 million of development credit for the neighborhood. Religious groups hold 322 shares of the common stock in INDC — about 11 percent of common shares outstanding. And they have lent almost half of the $22 million the bank uses for its development work.

Another intermediate organization receiving loans and grants from religious investors has been the National Federation of Community Development Credit Unions (NFCDCU). By providing revolving loan deposits, NFCDCU's goal is to strengthen low-income credit unions as self-help cooperatives working for economic self-sufficiency. Similarly, the Industrial Cooperative Association's Revolving Loan Fund (ICA), a nonprofit cooperative developing worker-owned and -operated businesses, provides risk capital for financing worker cooperatives organized by low-income and blue-collar people in their communities. The ICA gives technical assistance to beginning cooperatives. Its loan fund, which began operating in 1983, had an original capitalization drive of $1 million, of which 30 percent was supplied by religious investors. The fund provides assistance for doing feasibility studies, designing business plans, and developing cooperative management. It also furnishes initial funding to give new cooperatives, such as the Worker's Owned Sewing Machine Company (WOSCO), enough stability to seek additional funding of their own. The story of WOSCO is instructive.

LOCATED in Bertie County, North Carolina — one of the eleven poorest in the U.S. — WOSCO is a predominantly black and female cut-and-sew garment manufacturing company. It grew out of the efforts of five women workers and a manager, Tim Bazemore, who were willing to undertake a workers' owned business after the existing cut-and-sew factory went bankrupt.

In 1979 ICA helped prepare an initial business plan and an internal management structure. It also assisted in obtaining financing. Additional help was received from a local educational consultant, and a $15,000 loan came from Twin Streams Educational Center in Durham, N.C.

In 1981 the Campaign for Human Development (CHD) made a $75,000 loan to WOSCO to help repay existing short-term loans, and to provide working capital. In early 1982 ICCR sponsored a conference on alternative investments at which WOSCO was represented, obtaining visibility with the numerous church leaders in attendance. By June 1982 WOSCO had prepared a direct contracting plan, and a financing proposal which it sent to many ICCR members. This plan sought to obtain sufficient capital to facilitate direct contracts with large department stores such as Sears and K-Mart, such direct contracts avoiding a costly middleman, thus sufficiently increasing the profits of the worker-owners, and providing for local control over all aspects of production. Over 50 percent of the $2??,000 goal for this project came from religious investors. As a result, WOSCO has now completed one direct contract with Sears, and has a commitment with K-Mart for another.

WOSCO offers a clear example of a successful collaborative effort in which religious investors have played a significant role. The ingredients for this success story include the hard work, pluckiness, and risk-taking ability of the original women workers, and the special leadership qualities of Tim Bazemore, who invested a considerable amount of his own money in the business. Next, add local support systems and links to outside technical assistance. Mix these into meetings with potential religious and foundation investors. And add government funding possibilities. Then create strategies to return profits to workers. WOSCO itself is now trying to inaugurate the Northeastern North Carolina Fund for Development to assist other ventures in its geographic region.

Still another approach for religious investors has been forming revolving loan funds, such as the Leviticus Fund, sponsored by twenty-seven Catholic orders in New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey. Currently capitalized at $360,000, the Leviticus Fund was a first step for many of these orders into the

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world of alternative investments. This step was made only after a year-long education process. Congregational resources were pooled, lessening the risk factor to hesitant groups. The average loan was $10,000.

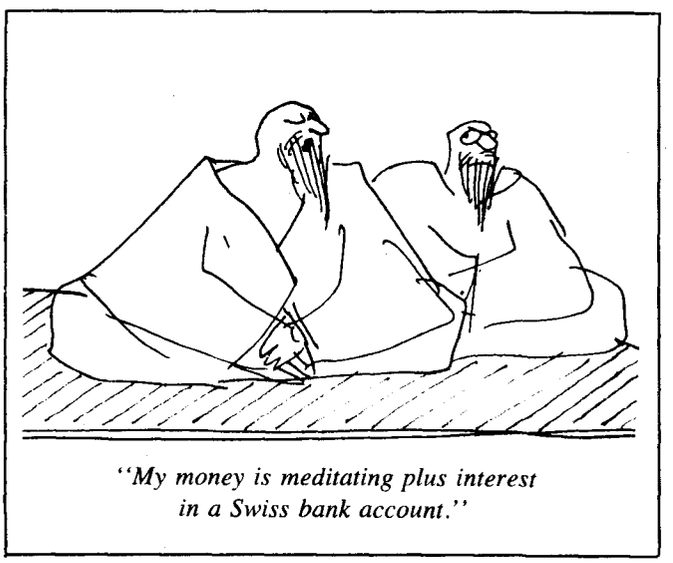
Other discussions about religious congregations setting up similar revolving loan funds are currently in place among ICCR coalitions in Philadelphia, and in the Michigan-Indiana and Illinois-Wisconsin regions.

Finally, the United Presbyterian Church has designed its own Creative Investment Program. Its strategy is to selectively use certificates of deposit to encourage local banks to make loans they would otherwise not entertain. A local church member contacts a local bank to negotiate a $100,000 certificate of deposit by the Creative Investment fund. If the bank is willing to loan at a lower rate of interest to a local community group which is trying to set up a business (and is not likely to get the bank loan otherwise, often for cultural or racial reasons), everyone benefits: the loan is insured and other leverages result; the bank profits from the lower interest rate; and the local group gets its loan. The bank assumes the paper work and the follow-up with the local group.

Since September 1982 the ICCR-spawned Clearinghouse on Alternative Investments has played an important role in directing and coordinating religious investors. It has disseminated professional informational packets on the subject, provided forums for groups to share investing experiences, organized workshops on proposal evaluation, and connected investors with potential loan recipients.

What observations can be made on future challenges and opportunities for Catholic alternative investors?

First, there is the ongoing challenge to shift more money into alternative investments — including a larger proportion into projects needing a lower rate of interest. Some argue that these investments are too risky. Many religious congregations, faced with the financial responsibility of an aging membership, don't feel they can take such chances. But the experience of the Adrian Dominicans and the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati have proved the contrary. Since 1978 the Adrians have invested over $600,000 in alternatives such as credit unions, the South Shore Bank, ICA and four worker-owned businesses. To date, five have paid back in full, one has asked for a few months extension, and the other eighteen are paying back on schedule. The Sisters of Charity have invested over $800,000 since 1980 in minority banks, revolving loan funds, local housing projects, and one third-world project. So far, interest payments are coming in on schedule.



"My money is meditating plus interest in a Swiss bank account."

Second, dioceses must become more publicly involved in the area of corporate responsibility. Few presently belong to ICCR or have made their investment criteria public. It seems a logical extension of the bishops' peace pastoral to look at investments in corporations with large military contracts, especially those involved in the manufacture of nuclear weapons. Once these connections have been made, choices appear to be an active involvement in ICCR shareholder resolutions, and an encouragement for individual Catholics to do the same. Eventually, they may have to publicly divest in these corporations, an action already taken by many religious congregations. If the latter occurs, there is an opportunity to invest in such alternatives as those mentioned in this article.

In the future, religious investors will have the opportunity of working with other innovative projects. One such fledgling project of NFCDCU is a Community Development Central (a "banker's bank") for community development credit unions. It will offer insured deposits at competitive rates. But it will also help small underfinanced credit unions do more community development projects and compete more actively in the marketplace. The NFCDCU is currently seeking commitments to deposit which are required before obtaining a charter.

Finally, Catholics have another important avenue for encouraging economic investment alternatives in the form of donations to the Campaign for Human Development. In addition to its $7.5 million grant program, CHD has set aside over $2 million to be utilized as loans. Its evaluations in determining whether to lend to a project encourage other groups to make similar decisions. CHD has taken a special interest in worker-owned cooperatives, and is currently encouraging diocesan projects in this area. The Archdiocese of Boston is matching a CHD grant at work in collaboration with ICA to help start worker-owned businesses. The Archdiocese of Milwaukee is working on a proposal for an inner-city home and garden center.

As more church groups turn towards alternative investments, the ICCR Clearinghouse plans to monitor the growing literature in the field and provide ever more sophisticated services to ICCR members.

The ultimate question we all face, whether as individuals, congregations or dioceses, is: What is our responsibility regarding investments? Is it just to hand over responsibility to financial institutions with the only directive being "turn a profit"? Or can we actively leverage these funds to become change agents for a "new creation" which values participation, stewardship, cooperation; which seeks a more equal distribution of God's gifts; which lets us demonstrate "where our treasure is, there is our heart"?

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Screen

IN COLD BLOODBATH

"THE KILLING FIELDS" ET AL.

ACCORDING TO Kurt Vonnegut in *Slaughterhouse 5*, "there is nothing intelligent to say about a massacre." But *The Killing Fields* comes close. The film, a must-see but a hard look-at, is based on "The Life and Death of Dith Pran," Sydney Schanberg's *New York Times Magazine* account of the takeover of Phnom Penh by the Khmer Rouge and the harrowing survival of Schanberg's Cambodian assistant in the slaughter that followed. Pran's role is played here by another actual survivor, Dr. Haing S. Ngor, and through his eyes we experience the so-called "Year Zero" — the Khmer Rouge attempt to wipe out previous history, wipe out memory, and wipe out those inclined to remember the times before their rise to power. The struggles of the third world have made for some scarifying film-making in the last several years — witness *El Norte, The Year of Living Dangerously, Missing,* and *Under Fire*. But *The Killing Fields* falls into a different category: it's an account of the genocide of three million people, and — though the tension slackens in the second half -- it's searing and unforgettable.

The first half of the movie details the friendship of Pran and Schanberg, especially their close association in publicizing Nixon's secret bombing of Cambodia in 1973 and the last fear-filled days in Phnom Penh in 1975 as the American-backed government collapsed. The screenplay makes clear how guilty Schanberg (Sam Waterston) came to feel for failing to force Pran out when he forced out his own family in one of the last helicopters. Fortunately for Schanberg, Pran was able to save him and other reporters from the first wave of executions. Unfortunately for Pran, the reporters could not obtain a forged passport for him once they were safely inside the French embassy awaiting evacuation. In several nerve-racking scenes, they desperately attempt to fake a photo, but the paper, the last they can find, keeps fading pathetically, and Pran has to be abandoned to the tender mercies of a pogrom.

Ironically, the terror in the first half of *The Killing Fields* inured me to the scenes of hardship in the second half and seemed to steal away some of their power. Even though the scenes in the first half are familiar — ambassadors running to hop the last plane out, American clients pawing at embassy gates to get inside, reporters cocky about filing their stories despite the coming of Apocalypse — their tension was almost overwhelming; the Thai youngsters who were recruited to perform as Khmer Rouge cadres are all too coldbloodedly convincing.

Scenes in the second half contain a powerful portrayal by Dr. Ngor, a Cambodian refugee now living in California who had never acted before. Once in Khmer Rouge hands, he plays deaf and dumb to fit in with the peasants who are spared total annihilation; he coarsens his hands, feigns ignorance of French and English, and avoids the sweetly toned invitations to doctors, professors, and students to acknowledge the past and "serve the revolution." As he accurately intuits, the ruse is only a cover for a final "selection." In real life, Dr. Ngor had similarly to hide his background to survive the rural killing fields. Like Pran, he eventually escaped, through paddies stacked with skulls, across the Thai border.

The Killing Fields places part of the blame for the atrocities on American bombing policies, with Schanberg referring to "the insanity that seven million pounds of bombs can cause." Researching some filed tapes in New York, Schanberg plays back a presidential press conference in which a voice claims that "Cambodia is the Nixon doctrine in its purest form." The film concludes with the epigraph that the agony of Cambodia continues; children of "Year Zero" still occupy Thai refuges. But it fails to point out the intense irony that Nixon bombed Cambodia to stave off a "bloodbath" that never happened in Vietnam, and that the United States still condemns the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia that ended the Khmer Rouge bloodbath.

There are small points to criticize in *The Killing Fields*, particularly an over-reliance on music for climaxes that would be improved by understatement.

Producer David Puttnam and Director Roland Jaffe deserve credit for evoking an Asian flavor in the film and for using the paraphernalia of special effects for high moral ends. Just one scene of bombing beggars all description.

A word or two about some other interesting or surprising movies this fall:

You have to hand it to Proust; he sure knew how a cookie crumbled. But what works so well in his novels — those splendid meta-examinations of mind moving *over*, then *through* the surfaces of things like madeleines — comes across in *Swann in Love* as mere superficiality, without depth or penetration. Director Volker Schlondorff vividly captures Proust's turn-of-the-century Parisian ambience — the salons, concert rooms, exquisite gardens and palaces, the gestures of servants as they heat razors for an aristocrat's late morning shave. But he fails to capture Proust's innerness. The film is so visually top-heavy and so slowly paced it turns into the most gorgeous snooze in recent cinema.

As Swann, Jeremy Irons — practically canonized through the exquisite marketing of T.V.'s *Brideshead Revisited* — fails miserably in his first major film role; depth requires more than his appearance of torment, snooty sophistication, and Hamlet-like indecision. The movie's one redeeming feature: Ornelia Muti as the courtesan Odette De Crecy, with whom Swann falls in love, and whose purposes not only mystify him but herself as well. Despite her efforts, *Swann in Love* is the second movie version of a literary classic (after *The Bostonians*) to sink this year, just about five minutes out of port.

Choose Me is a pseudo-sleazy film that winds up as an interesting, oddly tender, off-beat comedy. Eventually about

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Robert Swanson

Our Lives, The Other Lives

Our lives, composed of waking, commuting,
working and the rest, which would sound banal,
if expressed in words, drone forward like
trains on a single track. The other lives,
composed of hairs, wings or fibers, flare up

in the grass and in the weeds like tiny lights
or like immense forests of darkness. We think
they exist for us because we crush them under
our shoe-soles or hunt them with rifles or
sever them with scythes, but really, it is

they who live forever, while we drone away
our minutes like the whirrings of mill-wheels.
Oh, what an explosion, if, by the millions,
we humans would jump up from the grass, without
thinking, with a burst of color or darkness.

Josephine Jacobsen

The Steps

Over sunny earth, meadow
and forest, goes the great mock
bird-shadow, clocking its miles
by instants.

This fast high shadow
means nothing. This is not real
distance. Distance is below;
the steps scissor it out.
Distance is where the steps go.

Steps our proportion,
we measure as we must:
groom to bride: the refugee
in the hard road's soft dust;
the man's steps from the cell
to the distortion
of a welcoming shape, opening metal arms.

The step is the child's
first plunging waver, face
to face with distance.
Steps took Moses to the final glance;
crossed the skull's place.

Roger Finch

The Affinity of Ghosts for Children

Parents can always prove they do not exist.
One that was living behind a door slumps down
in the form of a bathrobe, handless, helpless.
The deductive beams from flashlights slice the dark
beneath the bed into rich sweet cake. They kiss

the child a second time good-night and insist
that the room was exorcised. Nevertheless,
he knows that they were there and will come again
as soon as the hard adult footsteps recede
and lies stiff, his eyes doll's-eye wide, in the bin

of his bed, waiting for night's coal to cascade
and smother him. Hasn't he heard the witch ball
they play with roll along the floor — no, *through* the floor?
It might have been a mouse with a marble at first
until he heard it fling across the joists right there

under the rug. Later came the sound of feet,
not on wood, but on gravel, pacing up and down
behind the wall, as something made the rocking chair rock
slowly but strongly with two eyes above it,
a voice that sighs in and out but will not speak.

Roger Finch

Alice Applies for a Job

She comes to the place marked *Special Skills*
and wonders what should she put: Shuts up
like telescopes? Falls down rabbit holes
without injury to self? Climbs through
pier glasses onto the silver side?
And then there is *Languages*. Was it
Arabic? Persian? Turkish? She knows
one word the caterpillar taught her,
lûtfen, and writes it down: *lûtfen* 'please!'
loud enough for them to understand.

There must be tiny doors behind desks
giving on secret gardens that want
walking through. There must be a caucus race
to drown in tears, tables at lunch with cakes
beneath them crying "Eat me!" Their eyes
without smiles are hovering in the air
as they read what she has given them
and will not be erased. She will show them
just how very small she can become
and begins to draw on one white glove.

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marriage, it begins as sexual slapstick: its hero Mickey (Keith Carradine), proposes to everyone he kisses; its heroine and his preferred, Eve, (Lesley Anne Warren), can't make a commitment to anyone at all. So Mickey lets himself go, pursuing, among others, Dr. Nancy Love (Genevieve Bujold), hostess of the radio sex-talk show, "The Love Line." On radio, Dr. Love about their problems, but neither they nor she know no first-hand knowledge of. Everyone in the film calls Dr. Love about their problems, but neither they nor she knows their real identities, including Eve, her roommate. To make matters more complicated, all the women that Mickey kisses (and proposes to) are also being pursued by a hood named Zack (Patrick Bachau). Every time the phone or doorbell rings, you have to brace for another hairbreadth escape.

This farcical violence gives an edgy tone to the film, and almost pushes it beyond comedy. But director Alan Rudolph manages the shifts in tone and somehow diminishes the distasteful aspects of these characters and their lifestyles. Alternatively annoying and amusing, disgusting and enchanting, *Choose Me* becomes a weird but fruitful meditation on loneliness, spontaneity, and taking risks.

First Born and *Falling in Love* are two Paramount films in the *Ordinary People* vein: family melodramas that get more mileage from their suburban settings and soap opera plots than you might expect. The better movie is *First Born*, which details how two sons cope when their mother (Terri Garr) becomes obsessed with a big-talking, apparently friendly, and finally slimy drifter (Peter Weller). Garr is miscast; excellent as a comedienne, passable in her initial scenes as her sons' sidekick, she is simply unbelievable as a fallen woman. Weller is all too believable as the heavy: he's every late-sixties faker you wished you'd never met.

But what gives *First Born* its power is the acting of newcomer Chris Collett in the title role, Garr's older son, a later high school adolescent. Collett doesn't have to do much to look good given the liquor, drugs, and wild partying that suddenly pervade the house. But somehow he makes his determined effort to save things seem grandly dignified. Ironically — contrary to the fifties' and sixties' image of the adolescent rebel — Collett restores normality. If there is a political angle to the film, it's the younger generation's hostility to the "older" generation's proneness to radical instability. *First Born* is genuine domestic gothic, ranch-house-style, a sincere stab at a serious adolescent film.

Falling in Love has a slighter subject. The movie proves, however, the old truism that good writing and acting can make even a trite story interesting. The film involves a modern version of boy-meets-girl: two married careerists accidentally meet in a New York bookstore, then fall into what used to be called adultery. Yet the writing of Michael Cristofer and acting of Robert De Niro and Meryl Streep so dignify their emotions that you tend to forget the hidden issue.

Cristofer's style is both witty and natural; a young Broadway veteran, he actually catches how people talk — no mean achievement in the screenplay form — their half statements, ahems, and awkward pauses. Streep manages the realism handily. When she's on the phone, she gets a world of meaning merely from a string of varied "yesses." (Her best scene, however, involves a set of dresses, a comic vignette that testifies to how little she has realized her best gifts in film roles.) As prime mover, De Niro carries the film: somehow he makes abandoning a perfectly satisfactory spouse seem heroic.

The illusion of heroism is also maintained by the chastity of the film. De Niro and Streep are emotionally drawn to each other, but there's no headlong rush to bed, and, on her part at least, there is strong guilt. When De Niro mutedly tells his wife that "nothing 'like that' went on," she accurately comments, "No, it's much worse," and true to the film's realism, slaps him *five* minutes later. *Falling in Love* is a glamorous, even Platonic, heart-throb, and you can't help but root for the principals. But it did leave me wondering: what about the wife? If De Niro or Streep made a film where they were the rejected spouses, that would be a piece of realism worth having, with a bite to rival *First Born*. TOM O'BRIEN

Dance

DANCING BOUND

NEW BOOKS ON THE MASTERS

WHEN George Balanchine died last April, there existed a single book about him, published twenty years ago. The realization among publishing houses that he was one of the major artistic voices of the twentieth century has begun slowly but is gathering momentum. Fittingly enough, the first volumes to emerge are by two of Balanchine's own dancers.

Balanchine's last great creative effort was the Tchaikovsky Festival, presented by New York City Ballet in 1981, and his "Mozartiana." Tchaikovsky's Suite No. 4 Op. 61 ("Mozartiana") first engaged Balanchine's interest in 1933. Later restagings of the work in 1935, 1945, and 1956 preserved the essential folk character of the ballet. In 1981 when he reexamined the score, Balanchine choreographed an entirely different ballet, rearranging the order of the music and retaining a period costume only for the gigue solo dancer. In numbers the ballet used diminished forces but used them to create a large artistic impact from the opening devotional solo by Suzanne Farrell to the closing joyous finale.

Robert Maiorano, a long-time solo dancer with the company, followed Balanchine through every class and rehearsal observing and recording in exceptional detail the process of a genius at work. In *Balanchine's Mozartiana* (Freundlich Books, $18.95, 188 pp.), Maiorano, assisted by Valerie Brooks, presents the slow gestation of the ballet (one minute of finished work per studio hour) including its technical difficulties, emotional crises, musical discussions, costume fittings, humorous asides, stage rehearsals, and unforeseen technical hitches in erecting and lighting the huge hollow tube plastic

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set. It brings us as close as we will ever get to the working situation of the master practitioner of ballet in the twentieth century.

In *Dancing for Balanchine* (E.P. Dutton, $29.95, 256 pp.), Merrill Ashley, currently a principal dancer with New York City Ballet, has shown the other side of the ballet master, that of teacher. Rooted in the nineteenth-century tradition of Imperial Russian ballet, Balanchine built upon this foundation, infusing it with twentieth-century speed and athleticism. In telling her own story as a developing dancer Ashley has illuminated Balanchine's expansion of the expressive qualities of the classic vocabulary.

Lincoln Kirstein, scholar, patron, and the man responsible for inviting Balanchine to the United States and providing him the framework in which to function, originally brought out his *Movement and Metaphor, Four Centuries of Ballet* in 1970. One welcomes this cogent attempt to discern and explicate ballet development as a recognized art form reissued as *Four Centuries of Ballet, Fifty Masterworks* in an inexpensive paper edition (Dover, $14.95, 290 pp.). Kirstein's theme is that nothing is new and innovation consists in using traditional materials in fresh ways, thereby affirming the past and pointing the way to the future. The text is dense, learned, wide-ranging, and challenging. The illustrations actually illuminate the text and are admirably presented.

Men Dancing (Macmillan, $35, 175 pp.) was begun by Nigel Gosling who, with his wife Maude Lloyd, wrote under the pen name of Alexander Bland. John Percival, dance critic of the *London Times*, agreed to fill out the projected work after Gosling's death, and the resulting book is over half his. The photographs are excellent and the individual appreciations of dancers are of a generally high caliber. The comment on Nureyev, "He never loses the quality which sculptors call 'mass' — a kind of concentrated volume and density which lends presence to a movement linked with great musicality. . . ." The book celebrates the phenomenon of great male dancing which has emerged in this century after nearly a hundred years of decline in the West.

The modern dance tradition is celebrated through the work of its greatest single protagonist, Martha Graham. Ernestine Stodelle, the author of *Deep Song, The Dance Story of Martha Graham* (Schirmer, $25.95, 329 pp.), was herself a witness to and participant in the "days of divine indiscipline," to borrow John Martin's phrase. As a dancer between the wars with Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman's group, Stodelle was there and was very observant, as her description of Graham's masterly "Primitive Mysteries" demonstrates. Curiously, she shows less interest in the other work of this period when Graham was forging her vocabulary of movement than she does in the more familiar dances of the forties and fifties. She is very good on the cycle of Greek mythic themes that occupied Graham at that time, culminating in the full evening "Clytemnestra."

The prose occasionally turns purplish, the tone is adulatory, but Stodelle is celebrating greatness and the story is a great one in American theater.

DON McDONAGH

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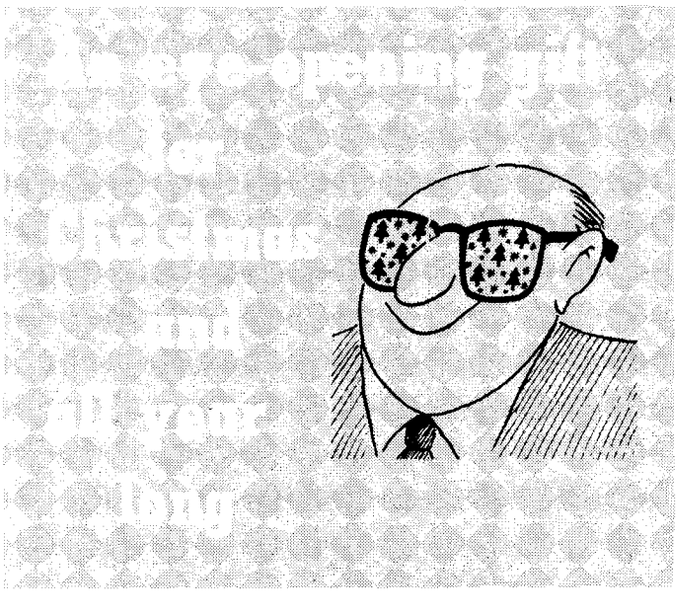

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EUGENE O'NEILL'S DREAM OF FORGIVENESS

The renegade haunted by God

ROBERT E. LAUDER

ONE OF THE most "Catholic" plays to appear on Broadway in years arrived last spring: Eugene O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*. It appeared amid productions of three other O'Neill plays and a PBS screening of *Hughie*. Part of O'Neill's appeal is that each time one enters his world one is invited to experience more deeply what is personal without being private and what is universal without being abstract. In *Moon* for instance, a play based on O'Neill's own family experience, one can admire the courage that enabled him to expose his own pain and to share it with the audience. Yet one can also dread the self-confrontation which such a drama induces.

Neither too little nor too much should be made of the "Catholic" dimension in O'Neill's plays. To minimize the influence of his Catholic background would be to miss a key element in his creative vision. To an extent, O'Neill seems to epitomize the adage that it is often easier for the person to get out of the church than to get the church out of the person.

An essay by Croswell Bowen entitled "The Black Irishman," published in *O'Neill and His Plays: Four Decades of Criticism*, edited by Oscar Cargill, N. Bryllion Fagin and William J. Fisher (New York University Press, 1961), supports this view of O'Neill:

> A Black Irishman . . . is an Irishman who has lost his Faith and spends his life searching for the meaning of life, for a philosophy in which he can believe again as fervently as he once believed in the simple answers of the Catholic Catechism. A Black Irishman is a brooding, solitary man — and often a drinking man too — with wild words on the tip of his tongue. American letters are richer for Black Irishmen. And of the lot of them, and the list includes F. Scott Fitzgerald, James T. Farrell, and John O'Hara among others, O'Neill is the blackest of all.

No wonder Dorothy Day who knew O'Neill in 1918 described him as absorbed by death and darkness.

On the other hand, the church did come out of the man while O'Neill was still a boy. The model thirteen-year-old student at Catholic boarding school was undergoing a spiritual crisis brought about by a mother suffering drug addiction. In *O'Neill: Son and Playwright* (Little Brown and Company, 1968), Louis Sheaffer depicts O'Neill praying fervently for his mother and even thinking of becoming a priest if this might save her. When no cure came O'Neill could no longer believe in the God of Catholicism. No longer a believer, O'Neill continued to attend Mass for about a year until the summer of 1903 when he refused to attend church and declared that he was never going again.

Sheaffer points out that thirty years later O'Neill revised his own history in *Days Without End*, the story of an embattled Catholic apostate named John Loving. To dramatize the battle within the character O'Neill literally split him in two: "John" is a Faustian character and "Loving" is a kind of Mephistopheles. "John" is the suffering half who is starving for salvation while "Loving" represents enmity to life and God. Unlike O'Neill, the apostate returns to the church at the end of the play. Although O'Neill never returned to the church, there is ample evidence that, in addition to suffering guilt feelings, he never stopped searching for a benevolent God. O'Neill told Philip Moeller, the director of *Days Without End*, that the hero's return to his Catholic faith was a wish fulfillment on O'Neill's part. Furthermore, during a discussion about religion in 1946 O'Neill was asked whether he had returned to Catholicism. He replied, "Unfortunately not."

O'Neill has been described as an agnostic in search of redemption, a renegade haunted by the God he had discarded. While it would be a mistake to miss the "Catholic influence" in O'Neill's plays, it would be a worse mistake to identify O'Neill as a Catholic apologist or his plays as dramatizations of orthodox Catholic dogma.

THE PRESENCE of Catholic symbols in his plays is mixed with a philosophical vision that O'Neill eventually embraced, a vision that is a fascinating mixture of fate and freedom, tragedy and spiritual salvation, mystery and mysticism.

O'Neill never lost his interest in ultimate questions despite his rejection of Catholicism. For him drama that did not deal with these questions was of no interest. In a letter to George Jean Nathan, O'Neill wrote: "The playwright today must dig at the roots of the sickness of today as he feels it — the death of the Old God and the failure of science and materialism to give any satisfying new One for the surviving primitive religious instinct to find a meaning for life in, and to comfort its fears of death with. It seems

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to me that anyone trying to do big work nowadays must have this big subject behind the little subjects of his plays or novels, or he is simply scribbling around on the surface of things and has no more real status than a parlor entertainer.''

The key to O'Neill's vision lies in his view of fate and tragedy. For example in *Moon*, James suggests his belief in fate: ''There is no present or future — only the past happening over and over again — now. You can't get away from it.'' Or in *Long Day's Journey into Night* Mary says: ''None of us can help the things life has done to us. They're done before you realize it, and once they're done they make you do other things until at last everything comes between you and what you'd like to be, and you've lost your true self forever.''

However, O'Neill's view of fate was not so narrow as pure determinism. Fate did not erase freedom. In fact fate gave persons an opportunity to achieve a spiritual victory. If outward success were impossible, spiritual success was always attainable. The tension between fate and freedom is tied to O'Neill's vision of Greek tragedy, a view that urged us toward life. As tragedy roused the Greeks to deeper spiritual understanding, freed them from the petty greeds of everyday existence, and enabled them to see their own hopeless hopes ennobled in art, O'Neill argued that it is our dreams that keep us fighting and living. Admitting that one wills defeat by pursuing the unattainable, O'Neill insisted that the very *struggle* was the success. He claimed that human life attained a spiritual significance when an individual fought all the hostile forces within and without in order to achieve a nobler future.

IN A LETTER probably written in 1925 O'Neill provided a marvelous summary of his ambition: ''to see the transfiguring nobility of tragedy, in as near the Greek sense as one can grasp it, in seemingly the most ignoble, debased lives. And just here is where I am a most confirmed mystic, too, for I'm always, always trying to interpret Life in terms of lives, never just in terms of character. I'm always acutely conscious of the Force behind — Fate, God, our biological past creating our present, whatever one calls it — Mystery certainly — and of the eternal tragedy of Man in his glorious, self-destructive struggle to make the Force express him instead of being, as an animal is, an infinitesimal incident in its expression.''

In *A Moon for the Misbegotten* the dream is expressed in Catholic symbols. O'Neill wrote the play in 1943 as a conciliatory offering to his deceased brother James who had died twenty years earlier half-crazed by alcohol. O'Neill felt the need to explain his older brother's love for their mother and, posthumously, to forgive James's behavior after her death. Accompanying his mother's coffin back east James had arrived in New York so drunk that he couldn't even attend the funeral.

In the play, James Tyrone, modeled on James O'Neill, is steadily drinking himself to death because of his guilt feelings about his deceased mother. Unable to

FOR THE FIRST TIME,

MERTON

BY THOSE WHO KNEW HIM BEST

EDITED BY PAUL WILKES

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find peace and aware that he has "seen too God-damned many dawns creeping grayly over too many dirty windows," Tyrone is looking for some kind of forgiveness and salvation. He hopes that if he can spend one night with Josie Hogan, daughter of a tenant farmer on Tyrone's property, that somehow his burden of guilt will be lifted. Tyrone sees through Josie's facade of foul mouth and loose morals. Her purity is important to Tyrone because he wants a chaste love from her that is pure, non-judgmental and forgiving. His sins of drunkenness during his mother's final illness and of fornication near his dead mother's body are torturing Tyrone's conscience. After confessing to Josie, Tyrone says of his mother: "She'd understand and forgive me, don't you think? She always did. She was simple and kind and pure of heart. She was beautiful. You're like her deep down in your heart. That's why I told you. I thought — (Abruptly his expression becomes sneering and cynical — harshly.) My mistake. Nuts! Forget it. Time I got a move on. . ."

Josie does forgive him. She throws her arms around him, forgives him, and tells him how proud she is that he came to her because he knew she was the only one in the world who loved him enough to understand and forgive. And Josie adds: "As *she* forgives, do you hear me! As *she* loves and understands and forgives!"

In the recent Broadway production, director David Leveaux underlines the symbolism of this scene by lighting the two figures on the stage so that they resemble a Pieta. When Tyrone awakens, though he cannot immediately remember the details of the night, he says he feels, "Sort of at peace with myself and this lousy life — as if all my sins had been forgiven."

Though their lives are and will remain tragic, Tyrone and Josie under the moon attain what O'Neill viewed as a spiritual success: Tyrone's dream of forgiveness is achieved through Josie's love. The power of the play convinces me that agnostic O'Neill wanted for his brother James "the promise of God's peace in the soul's dark sadness." O'Neill's wish for his brother is voiced in Josie's last lines: "May you rest forever in forgiveness and peace." They are also my prayer for the insightful, sensitive, wounded thirteen-year-old who could not believe in a benevolent God.

Books: CONFRONTING THE INCARNATION

THE SEXUALITY OF CHRIST IN RENAISSANCE ART AND IN MODERN OBLIVION

Leo Steinberg
Pantheon Books, $11.95, 222 pp.

David Toolan

DID we congratulate ourselves that a signal difference between Christianity and Greek Dionysianism, or between Christianity and Hindu Shaivite devotion, was the refusal in Western iconography of the latter's phallicism? Or do we imagine that the recovery of Christ's humanity, redressing a centuries-old Nicene overstress on the divinity, constitutes an entirely modern phenomenon? Well guess again. Victims of post-Reformation black-out, of what art historian Leo Steinberg calls a "modern oblivion," we have not seen what's directly in front of our noses. I can guarantee it: after reading this monograph and more to the point, taking in its ample illustrations, you will never again stroll through galleries of late medieval and Renaissance artworks with the same innocent, unseeing eyes. How could we have missed the obvious — that in all those devout representations of Madonna and Child, Adorations of the Magi, Ecce Homos, Deposition scenes, and Pietás, the principal axis of attention, the "action" of these paintings and sculptures, is the sex of Christ, his genitals?

The normal viewer overlooks it; the pious find it in bad taste; up until now most Renaissance art historians misconstrued it as erotive naturalism or the intrusion of folk elements into the sacred. Behind such reactions lurks a latent Gnosticism, Steinberg shows, or a sensibility which separates the earthy and natural from the mystical, two spheres which it was the whole point of this art to join together. The *ostensio genitalium* was as basic as the *ostensio vulnerum*, the showing of the wounds. There is no ribaldry here; for Renaissance artists, Christ's sexual member became *the* demonstrative sign of the verity of Incarnation, "the pledge of God's humanation." The emergence of this sexual motif in distinctively sacred Western art is unthinkable except as the fruition of a thousand years of meditation on the "true God, true man" of the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A.D.

Unlike some of the humanized Christs of contemporary theology, therefore, the Renaissance took the divinity of Jesus for granted, an unquestionable credo that was in fact the *sine qua non* for the awe and delight which its artists took in unveiling Christ's sex. What better way, moreover, to purge the West's imagination of its congenital Gnostic contempt for the earth, anneal its chronic Manichaean dualism, and stretch the soul into the channels of promise opened out by the God-Man — than to portray Christ, the exemplar of freedom, in his most vulnerable member without shame, indeed "shame-less"?

Of course late medieval theologians typically asserted Christ's complete humanity, but it strikes us as fishy, not wholly honest; as if imitating Byzantine icons, they tended to accent only the upper torso, in their physico-mystical hierarchy the godly part, and tellingly left the lower, human part vague. No such vagueness was permitted the makers of images; their theological anatomy lesson, by virtue of their métier, had to be bolder, specific. Accordingly, artists like Fra Filippo Lippi, Bellini, Michelangelo, Roger van der Weyden, Schongauer, Andrea del Sarto, and Ver-

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onese broke out of previous iconographic conventions and plotted Christ's physiognomy, inch by bodily inch. The depiction becomes both natural and mystical, "each enabling the other," what Steinberg calls a "reciprocal franchise" unique to the Catholic West. "We are left," says Steinberg, "with a cultural paradox: Renaissance artists and preachers were able to make Christian confession only by breaking out of Christian restraints."

The theology this art embodied was made to order for the expansive exuberance of Renaissance figures like Benvenuto Cellini, or for modern Catholics like Muriel Spark. For it was a theology of joy and gratitude, as if for the first time the soul of the West permitted itself to really absorb, and concretely imagine, what a post-resurrection mode of being, what the accomplishment of redemption, meant to the erogenous zone. As Renaissance scholar Father John W. O'Malley puts the mood of the time, "whereas in earlier times men had to search for the truth and dispute about it, in the Christian era men are to enjoy it." Hence the preacher of the period was not to squander words convincing the convinced; his duty was to dwell on the boon conferred by the Incarnation, and thus stir hearts to gratitude and delight. But lest the imagination stop at that most problematic area of human life, the artists expanded this vision to sexuality — to a redeemed sexuality. And as Steinberg notes:

> we may take Renaissance art to be the first and last phase of Christian art that can claim full Christian orthodoxy. Renaissance art — including the broad movement begun c. 1260 — harnessed the theological impulse and developed the requisite stylistic means to attest the utter carnality of God's humanation in Christ. It became the first Christian art in a thousand years to confront the Incarnation entire, the upper and the lower body together, not excluding even the body's sexual component.

To be sure, as Steinberg is well aware, the phallic symbol as portrayed in Renaissance art bears a different meaning than it does in Greek and Hindu symbology.

Steinberg's thesis ramifies; it makes one think. If he is right — and his evidence is overwhelming — then the monastery's contemplative spirit must have seeded popular culture, animated streets and studios, more than I have previously thought. The Franciscans, notably, had done their work well. More, in the remarkable integrity of this interlude in Western history, we begin to catch the complementarity and parallelism between the epoch's aesthetic and spiritual movements. The ascesis of a *Renaissance* saint like Ignatius of Loyola, for instance, expresses the same "incarnational theology" Steinberg sees the artists exploring. That ascesis consisted of experientially reimagining the self a participant-insider of the Christ mystery — in effect, as a theophorous or God-bearing creature reminiscent of the Greek patristic path but amplifying it. I wonder if such a path is thinkable in Western Europe without the imaginal boldness of Renaissance artists standing behind it. In any case, there seems to be a basic cultural affinity between the meaning of Renaissance art and the "exercises" Loyola designed to find "God in all things." Aside from the erratic case of certain Americans like Jonathan Edwards, Emerson, and Whitman, such a visionary embrace of the world would not surface again in the West until Bonhoeffer's *Letters from Prison*, or until Vatican II's *Gaudium et Spes*. For that vision, in the interim, would be all but extirpated by Reformation hostilities, Ignatius's *Exercises* themselves quickly degenerating into something like a grammatical drill. In the interim, that is, we lost the Renaissance thread.

Witness Descartes in the seventeenth century. A student of *Counter-Reformation* Jesuits at La Flèche, Descartes not only appears innocent of the whole incarnational message embodied in Renaissance art (and in Loyola, too), but bespeaks a massive cultural amnesia on this score. For how else do we explain Descartes's enormous influence if his reinstatement of the schism between body and soul were not expressive of Europe's divided consciousness at the time? This split, so different from the Renaissance spirit and nearly definitive of the modern mind, has remained to plague us — with a soulless materialism on the one hand, with a disembodied conceptualist spirituality on the other — ever since. Recent scholarship suggests that the chart for another course than the one the West has taken was once available in the Renaissance. Steinberg bril-

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liantly reminds us that this course, interrupted and repressed, is a road worth taking again.

But to take it requires some redoing, some concerted psychophysical exercise I think. For Renaissance artists and saints could take for granted, as part of their "common sense," a participatory mode of consciousness that could, like Michelangelo, identify with solid rock and draw human figures from it. Or this consciousness could, like Ignatius's, identify with historical archetypal figures like Christ and find one's soul, one's true body, "in Him." Our individualistic common sense, confined as it often is to the boundaries of skin, inhibits these expansive rebirthing moves. And so, too commonly, authentic spiritual impulses in our time deliver a muddled message: they tempt us to jump out of our skin or to keep our faith strictly above the belt. As if Jesus had said, "take my ideas and eat," not "take my *body*." The former is a low calorie diet for fashion-plate models, no meal.

Hybrid but hackneyed

PRINCE OF PEACE

James Carroll
Little, Brown, $17.95, 488 pp.

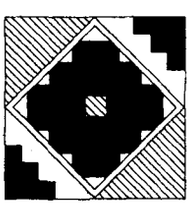
William O'Rourke

FOR NOVELISTS there has always been the Ripley's-Believe-It-or-Not problem: truth has shown itself over and over to be stranger than fiction: more vivid, alas, more, imaginative. In consequence, writers have often cleaved to historical sources; redoing dramatic public events has long been a staple of popular fiction. Readers get, they hope a ringside seat on *how it was*. Usually, the events depicted are at least a generation old, principals dead and buried. When recent history is used, the fictional device employed is the *roman à clef*, where foolhardy authors dare libel laws and serve up "thinly veiled" characters lifted from life. In some cases, *romans à clef*, key novels, are attempts at serious literature; the ringside seat books are potboilers, generational sagas, Leon Uris-like fare. James Carroll's new novel, his fifth, *Prince of Peace*, falls somewhere in between the two types, half historical soap opera, half *roman à clef*.

The narrative method Carroll has chosen may have been the easiest, but it leaves the novel with a plodding structure and a repetitive way of telling the story: which is, roughly, the tale of the 1960s Catholic anti-war resistance, as lived by the war-hero, priest, and movement celebrity, Michael Maguire, told, with some mixed emotions, by his adoring boyhood chum, Frank Durkin. The novel reads as an informal biography composed by a friend, but a friend, unfortunately, who is not a likable chronicler. Durkin accurately describes himself as "a two-bit professor at a second-rate college, a sometime contributor to small-circulation journals," a fellow who hopes to write a novel one of these days, and who is, apparently, something of an unexamined sexist, a classic homophobe, a licentious prude, and, most injurious to the book, not a very good writer.

Carroll may have wanted to portray just such a person, but he certainly risks censure (and a flawed book) when he makes such a creature his novel's narrator. We are treated throughout to such gems of reflection and dead stick prose from Durkin as, "I was filled with regret, but also stern acknowledgment that opaque hardening is the only law that heartbreak knows;" and "Jesus was the ultimate Mister Goodbar."

The hybrid mentioned earlier, part soap opera history, part *roman à clef*, though a taxing form, can be handled dexterously. E.L.Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel*, which uses the Rosenberg case, is an example; but Doctorow kept the central figures of his story intact and distorted the peripheral figures, while Carroll does just the opposite. His peripheral characters are true to life, but the central figures are distorted. His priest-resister, Michael Maguire (whose last name may be a dig at Cardinal Spellman's chancellor, Archbishop Maguire, who had a hand in giving Daniel Berrigan the bum's rush out of the country in 1965) is a Frankenstein creature: the torso of Philip Berrigan, the head of Dan, arms and legs, ecumenically, of William Sloane Coffin and Daniel Ellsberg, and the fingers of anyone's guess. For those familiar with the actual history and personalities of that period of Catholic resistance, *Prince of Peace* is an affront. Carroll can rightly claim that few know that history intimately anyway — and that his book is a novel and should be judged as such; but it is as a novel that *Prince of Peace* falters most: what is verified history is at least



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informatively retold; what Carroll invents is hackneyed and too easy.

The soap opera gravity of Carroll's re-imagining of events and participants pulls all action and characters into the most predictable of orbits, rather than the weird and eccentric orbits of actual life. Popular fiction demands rather simple conflicts, but Carroll's model seems to be more an episode of *Dallas*, rather than, say, *Gone with the Wind*. Father Maguire and the narrator form a not-so-classic triangle: they are in love (and both eventually marry) the same woman, an ex-nun from a wealthy family. Maguire performs the original marriage ceremony in some sort of sacred and profane version of a *ménage à trois* (overall, the sex in the novel is written in a romantic style where breasts seem always to be described as "flaring"). The FBI eventually makes use of the goings on between Father Maguire and the narrator's wife as blackmail against the hapless Durkin, who becomes, first an Iscariot, then a Benedictine monk.

Here is a sample of the dialogue between Durkin and his wife, Carolyn, the ex-nun, that takes place during their period of anti-war work. Durkin tells Carolyn,

> "You're an artist. That's the longing you feel, the unhappiness. You're not *working*. You must work. Your paintings are the opposite of war. That's how you resist. That's how you keep faith. You are an artist, Caro!"
>
> She leaned against me, and I felt the tension drain out of her. "You mean I can?" she asked, "I really can?"
>
> "What, go back to painting?"
>
> She nodded.
>
> "Darling, you must."
>
> Her arms went around me. "Oh, Durk, you know me, don't you? You take care of me. No one takes care of me like you do."
>
> "That's my job, love, I'm your husband."
>
> "You're my best friend."
>
> "Same thing."

The novel doesn't improve much when we're away from domestic wars and onto the battlefield. Maguire's heroics in Korea, as depicted, are right out of a *G.I. Joe* comic book: "Why didn't the man in the chopper jump down and help him save Pace? But that was impossible. Still he stared pleadingly up at him. Don't leave us here! He focused on the soldier's breast insignia off which light glanced. The silver cross. The man who'd been firing from the doorway was Father O'Shea."

There is a serious and important subject buried in the center of Carroll's novel; and, because of it, *Prince of Peace* is more disheartening than bad. At the novel's core is the history of the Vietnam war, told from a Catholic perspective, though one quite chauvinist; "given its peculiarly Catholic Origins we should have" felt responsible for vietnam, the narrator keeps reiterating. Where Vietnam is concerned, though, there is plenty of blame to go round. Most of this is done through you-are-there conventions, since Carroll makes young Father Maguire, newly-ordained, the right-hand man of the above mentioned Father O'Shea, who is the right-hand man of Spellman while the Cardinal tours and wheels and deals in Vietnam. That material is the most affecting, since it reads, more or less, like straight history, not the chopped-up and rearranged story of the Berrigans and the East Coast Conspiracy to Save Lives.

Prince of Peace is slated to become a best seller (it is a Book-of-the-Month selection, has a "major" paperback sale), but I'd be surprised if it actually becomes one. Perhaps publishers feel, given the evidence of Father Greeley, that there is a large audience out there for romantic fiction about current and ex-priests and nuns, if there is enough sex and guilt in it. But, it will not be the many

REVIEWERS

FATHER DAVID TOOLAN, S.J., *edits the book section of* Commonweal.

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PATRICK JORDAN *is an assistant editor of* Commonweal.

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narrative flaws, wooden characters, and lack of eloquence that would prevent *Prince of Peace* from becoming a best seller; more likely, it will be its one principal virtue: too much depressing and painful history about the Vietnam war, served up too plainly — and, in that case alone, all too true.

In brief

UP IN THE PARK: THE DIARY OF THE WIFE OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO IRELAND, 1977-1981, *by Elizabeth Shannon, Atheneum, $17.95, 358 pp.*

After she appeared on Irish television's "Late, Late Show," Elizabeth Shannon, the wife of William V. Shannon, President Carter's ambassador to Ireland, noted in her diary: "My appearance was noncontroversial and bland. I just talked about what it is like to be the wife of the American ambassador."

From her diary, one would question whether it is possible for Mrs. Shannon to be either bland or uninvolved. There is a touch of Masterpiece Theatre here. Deerfield, the ambassador's residence, is a white Monticello arising in Dublin's great Phoenix Park. Besides the park's free-wandering deer, the Shannons' only neighbors are the papal nuncio and the president of Ireland. Mrs. Shannon sets down some rules for her tenure: "I will *not* leave Ireland known merely as 'the American ambassador's wife.' I will not complain about the weather. I will have fun." This will be her diary, not the ambassador's. And she *does* have fun.

Mrs. Shannon's reflections touch all the bases of Irish social problems — women, work, welfare, wine. The mother of three growing sons who enliven these pages, she is an ardent feminist. She is also a public figure. "We had an interesting visit with the elderly bishop [of Cork], but I'm afraid that as a woman, a liberal, and an American Catholic, my views and those of the bishop are very, very far apart. Under the circumstances, I kept my views to myself and praised the tea." In her diary, the restraints are more removed.

She opens her heart and her house not only to the glittering, but to itinerants, the handicapped, the elderly. She notes an Irishman's manner of proposal: "Will ye be buried with my folks?" She has nightmares over "the violence."

One cannot help liking this Mrs. Shannon and her book. Who could fault someone whose last ambassadorial act was to plant a tree, a copper beech at that? "I hope that it will live and thrive and grow and watch over this house and these gardens." Her book has such a reach.

PATRICK JORDAN

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 674)

message, transforming and being transformed in the process, without losing sight of a basic unity underlying the apparent multiplicity and variety. My own background is Austrian, surely far removed from the Greeleys' Chicago experience. Yet, significantly, it is also amazingly close. I have no problem appreciating their ability to get to the core of things and suspect that even many New Yorkers might agree with me. I appreciate the basic spirit of hope which pervades the work. If this be considered romantic and foolish, so be it. Surely not all of us have lost sight of the gospels as "good news" in our fashionable eagerness to embrace Kierkegaardian despair?

The charge of "Rotarian optimism" is a fit counterpart to Sheehan's simple-minded village-atheist agnosticism which I hope and pray does not constitute the true description of the state of the question. Somehow, Father Imbelli manages to make nostalgia and aspiration seem dirty words, without realizing that hope-fullness and faith-fullness coupled with thoughtful respect for tradition are among the most essential characteristics of Catholic Christianity.

Imbelli belittles Greeley and Durkin's suggestions for positive action. For over a thousand years the official church has allowed Neo-Platonic, Gnostic, and Manichean world and flesh negation to obscure the message of life and world affirmation contained in the Christian understanding of Christ as *homoousios*, fully God *and* fully human. *How to Save the Catholic Church* makes a convincing case for developing positive models of the sacramentality and asceticism of sexuality, a position supported by Cardinal Bernardin in his introductory remarks to Mary G. Durkin's *Feast of Love: Pope John Paul II on Human Intimacy* and *Marital Intimacy: A Catholic Perspective*. Bernardin considers the topic a "critically important subject." Imbelli mentions it only within the context of judging the entire work unworthy of a $16.95 expenditure. Surely Imbelli does not mean to imply that only Irish Catholics are sexual beings?

The appreciation of women as analog of God, while firmly grounded in New Testament (and some Old Testament) evidence and kept alive in much of our mystical and artistic tradition, has been far too long overshadowed by the Augustinian distrust of femininity. Again Greeley and his "theological sibling" touch a raw nerve of vital concern to the

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well-being of twentieth-century Catholicism. And again, Imbelli refuses to take them seriously. What a shame!

Instead of deepening the gulf between largely abstract notions of theological Catholic self-reflection and popular communal self-experience, Greeley and Durkin have built a bridge between the two extremes based on the foundations of the *one* constant in Catholic tradition: the analogical imagination. This analogical imagination has perversely continued to delight in happy endings, understanding with intuitive wisdom that the essence of Christianity (in keeping with its Hebraic roots) consists in recognizing God as passionately and implacably loving, lurking anywhere and everywhere, disclosing Himself/Herself through the people, objects, and events of the world.

How to Save the Catholic Church constitutes the practical application of Karl Rahner's insistence on God's universal salvific will. Rahner's God operates in and through daily life, allowing us to attain full personhood and wholeness through, not despite, the world. Greeley and Durkin have managed to transform Rahner's theological insights into a program for action based on the sacramental nature of the Catholic experience. I can only hope that shallow reviews such as Imbelli's will not succeed in allowing their voices to go unheeded in the wilderness.

INGRID H. SHAFER, Ph.D.

The author replies

Princeton, N.J.

To the Editors: In the review to which Mary Durkin and Ingrid Shafer take exception, I wrote, apropos of *How to Save the Catholic Church,* that it "obviously proceeds from a genuine concern, even passion, for the Catholic enterprise." My critique of the book, then, was not of its intention, nor of its occasional insights (which I also enumerated), but of its poor execution. It saddens me to see a book, that might have made a contribution to a crucial discussion and discernment, so marred both in style and in theological substance.

Part of the problem reappears in Ms. Durkin's letter when she protests that "our book deals with imagination and story, not with theology and certainly not with christology." Her untenable dichotomy is soon apparent in her reference to "a christological basis for our work." My point in the review was that the Catholic imagination and story must, indeed, be guided by a Christo-logic, lest comedy become fairy tale and imagination fantasy. This requirement has little to do, immediately, with the dogmas of Chalcedon, and everything to do with the plot of the stories told by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as well as the splendidly catholic imaginings of Paul.

That we are "stirred more easily by the birth of a child" than by cross/resurrection (*cross* and resurrection being the inseparable climax of the Christian story), only indicates that the Catholic Christian people are made not born and must undergo a transforming rebirth if we are to retell our foundational story faithfully. This is part of what I meant by a "sense of the costliness of grace"; a costliness of which the book gives little indication and thus lends itself to H. Richard Niebuhr's classic indictment of liberal story-telling: "A God without wrath brought men without sin into a kingdom without judgment through the ministrations of a Christ without a cross."

Finally, Ms. Durkin chides me for ignoring the book's "discussion of women, sexuality, and marriage," and mischievously indulges in speculation as to the etiology of such supposed "lack of interest." In point of fact, the review, when enumerating the book's concerns, mentioned "the sacramentality of sexuality" and "the appreciation of woman as analog of God." Thus I explicitly refer to two of the three topics supposedly anathema to "many of the church's celibate clergy." As for the third, marriage, I can only say that I took for granted the author's wholehearted commitment to this sacrament of the church she is eager to save; an admitted supposition on my part which the concluding confession in her letter now shows to have been abundantly warranted.

Nothing short of reproduction of the entire review could possibly counter Ms. Shafer's gross misstatement of it. However, one egregious insinuation must not pass unchallenged (both for the sake of my personal integrity and for the reassurance of my ecclesiastical superiors).

I am an admirer of the Irish-American experience. And, lest Mayor Washington take umbrage, I am a veritable celebrant of the nation's second city. The review, in speaking of the books under consideration (yes, there *was* a second), said: "both books breathe the same bracing air of the Chicago Irish Catholic subculture. . . ." Now my dictionary defines "bracing" as "strengthening; invigorating." How Ms. Shafer could distort that into making "nostalgia and aspiration seem dirty words" is beyond my fantasy, much less imagination.

I do not begrudge Ms. Shafer the good news she claims to have gleaned from the Greeley-Durkin joint venture. I am, however, put in mind of those folk who find the poems of Joyce Kilmer religiously uplifting. As an old Swiss Calvinist once told me, upon being apprised of my desire to become a Catholic priest: "*Chacun* (or *une*) *à son goût.*"

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